

Frontispiece.



J. Taylor del. et sculp.
Act II. Scene IV.

M I D A S :

A N

English Burletta,

(IN TWO ACTS.)

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

D. Harri.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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(Price 1s.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter	-	-	-	Mr. Legg.
Juno	-	-	-	Mrs. Stevens.
Apollo	-	-	-	Mr. Mattocks.
Pan	-	-	-	Mr. Dunstall.

M O R T A L S.

Midas	-	-	-	Mr. Shuter.
Damætas	-	-	-	Mr. Barnshaw.
Sileno	-	-	-	Mr. Baker.
Myfis	-	-	-	Mrs. Thompson.
Daphne	-	-	-	Mrs. Baker.
Nyfa	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, *first on Mount Olympus, afterwards on the Pastures of Lydia.*

M I D A S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities,
seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they
address *Jupiter* in Chorus, accompanied by all the
instruments.

Chorus of all the Gods.

*J*OVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord-May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw,
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule.
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.

A 3

Even

*Even Fate,
 Tho' so great,
 Must not prate;
 His bald pate
 Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.*

Jup. (rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands? We'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. (*to Jup.*) My proctor, with
 a summons
 Shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from Heaven your varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot!

A I R II.

*Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wring my chaste love;
 For, spite of your rakebelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juns will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.*

*I'll ferrit the haunts
 Of your female gallants;
 In vain you in darkness enclose them;
 Your favourite jades,
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.*

Jup.

M I D A S. 7

Jup. Peace termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

A I R III.

*Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.*

*What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?*

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there fir—Come Dis-
order,
Down Phoebus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

*Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he
falls — Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods
all ascend together, singing the initial chorus:*

Jove, in his chair, &c.

S C E N E II.

A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it and runs away frightened, leaving his cloak, hat, and guittar, behind him. Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunn'd: at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward speaks. After which, enters to him Sileno.

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet fir, your humble.
Well, down I am;—no bones broke—tho' fore pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd. [Puts on the cloak, &c.]

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Sileno. Whom have we here! a fightly clown!—
and sturdy:

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, fir!

Pol, is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, fir;
I'th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sileno. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.—So
have I too;

Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

A I R

A I R IV.

*Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.*
Fa la la.

*With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.*
Fa la la.

*Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum strum.*
Fa la la.

Pol. *I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts, and empty purse.*
Fa la la,

Sil. *Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;*

Pol. *I strike hands, and take your offer;*

Sil. *Farther seeking you'll fare worse;*

Pol. *Farther on I may fare worse.*

Sil. *Pity such a lad should suffer,*

Pol. *Zooks, I can no longer suffer,*

Sil. *Hungry guts, and empty purse.*

Pol. *Hungry guts, and empty purse.*
Fa la la.

Exeunt, dancing and singing.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

S I L E N O's Farm-House.

Enter Daphne and Nyfa, Myfis following behind.

Daph. But *Nyfa*, how goes on squire *Midas*' courtship?

Nyf. Your sweet *Dametas*, pimp to his great worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nyf. Right. So we are rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Myf. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus ye mind your spinning?

A I R V.

*Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle:
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop
And set their mothers madding.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sileno introducing Pol.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you
grumble

At too hard toil;—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.

To'm lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Myf. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling
thrummer!

(to Pol.) What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged
mummer?

Nysf. Mother, for shame——

Myf. Peace, saucybox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under-value.
For his and your work, I'm brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else——

Myf. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

A I R VI.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Myf. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nysf. With what sweet temper he bears all her
snubbing! *(aside.)*

Sil. Oons, no more words.——Go, boy, and get
your dinner.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Myfis, Sileno, Nyfa, Daphne.

Sil. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nyf. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. (to Myf.) Not pert, nor lumpish.

Myf. Would he were hang'd!

Nyf. and Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish?

A I R VII.

Nyf. *Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
To the gentle, handsome swain?*

Daph. *To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.*

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myf. *Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:*

Sil. *Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't.*

Nyf. *Ab! ab!*

Daph. *Mama!*

Nyf. and } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Daph. } Ab, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

Nyf. and } To the gentle, handsome swain,

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nyf. and } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

Myf. *Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarm'd on your account.*

Sil. *Wife, in vain you teize and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.*

Nyf. } Mama!

Myf. } Psha! Psha!

Daph. } Papa,

Sil. } Ab! Ab!

Daph. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nyf. } Ab, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?

Daph.	}	<i>To the gentle handsome swain,</i>
Sil.		<i>He's a gentle handsome swain.</i>
Nys.	}	<i>Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.</i>
Myf.		<i>'Tis my pleasure to give pain.</i>
Daph.	}	<i>Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.</i>
Sil.		<i>He's a gentle, handsome swain.</i>
Nys.	}	<i>To the gentle, handsome swain.</i>
Myf.		<i>To your odious, fav'rite swain.</i>

S C E N E VI.

Enter Midas and Damætas.

Mid. Nysa, you say; refus'd the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—I'll force her—

Dam. The halter—

Mid. As for Madam, I'll divorce her.—

Some favoured lout in cog our bliss opposes.

Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks,—of his fly tampering

To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.

'Sblood I'll commit him---drive him to the gallows!

Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tipling, Sir, at th' ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him---we shall hit on some expedient.

To rout this Pol.

Dam. I fly; (*going, returns*) Sir, your obedient.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

What boots my being 'Squire,
 Justice of Peace, and Quorum;
 Church warden—Knight o'th' Shire,
 And Custos Rotulorum;
 If saucy little *Nysa's* heart rebellious,
 My 'squireship flights, and hankers after fellows?

A I R VIII.

*Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross?
 Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woes,
 Her nose up at him toss?
 No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
 I'll sell her Po a slave, get mundungus in exchange;
 So glut to the height of pleasure,
 My love and my revenge.
 No: I'll kidnap, &c.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Pan is discover'd sitting at a table, with a tankard,
 pipes and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying
 by him.

A I R IX.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky;
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks,
 That he's as happy as I:
Juno rates him,
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And stroll a batchelor's merry life.

Let

*Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glew tips,
And clink the cannikin here below.*

S C E N E IX.

DAMÆTAS, PAN.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate troubling
little
How the world wags: so he gets drink and vittle.—
Ho, master Pan—Gad you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, fir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter:
Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R X.

*All around the maypole how they trot,
Hot
Pot,
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.
There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad;
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad.*

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

MYSIS, PAN.

Myf. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my fluts
frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[*Going.*]

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

A I R XI.

Myf. *Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

*A wood and lawn, near Sileno's farm, flocks grazing at
a distance—a tender slow symphony. Daphne crosses
melancholic and silent; Nyfa watching her.
[Then Daphne returns running.]*

Nyf. O ho! is it so—Miss *Daphne* in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,
Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:
And, faith, mama shall hear on't if I catch her. [*Retires.*]

Daph. La; how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what
thumping
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

A I R XII.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er slept in leather shoe,
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.*

*Tho' my sister casts a Hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do,
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.*

*Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.*

S C E N E XII.

DAPHNE, POL.

Pol. Think o' the Devil—'tis said,
He's at your shoulder—
This wench was running in my head,
And pop—behold her.

A I R XIII.

*Lovely nymh, assuage my anguish;
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long needs sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports---you
Scarce will meet his like again.*

B

Daph.

Daph. Sir; you're such an oglio,
 Of perfection in folio,
 • No damsel can resist you:
 Your face so attractive
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

A I R XIV.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.*

*His beard so frowzy, his gestures so aukward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.*

Mys. (from within.) Pol, Pol, make haste, come
 hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call!
 Oh! not your old lungs of leather.

Daph. B'ye Daph.
 B'ye Pol.

S C E N E XIII.

N Y S A, D A P H N E.

Nys. Marry come up, forsooth,
 Is't me, you forward vixen,
 You choose to play your tricks on;
 And could your liquorish tooth
 Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again,
 Indeed, my dirty cousin!
 Have you a right to every swain?

Nys. Ay, tho' a dozen.

A I R

A I R XV.

- Daph. *My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?*
- Nys. *Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guild-hall?*
- Daph. *Pigmy elf,*
- Nys. *Colossus itself,*
- Both. *You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.*
- Daph. *You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb;
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.*
- Nys. *You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.*
- Daph. *Sour grapes,*
- Nys. *Lead apes,*
- Both. *I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.*
- Daph. *Miss, your assurance*
- Nys. *And, miss, your high airs*
- Daph. *Is past ail endurance.*
- Nys. *Are at their last pray'rs.*
- Daph. *No more of those freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.*
- Nys. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.*
- Daph. } *Poor spite!*
- Nys. } *Pride hurt!*
- Daph. } *Liver white!*
- Nys. } *Rare sport!*
- Daph. } *Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite,*
- Nys. } *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.*
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B 2

ACT

 ACT II. SCENE I.

A GROVE.

Enter Nyfa, followed by Midas.

Mid. TURN, tygres, turn; nay fly not—
I have thee at a why not.

How comes it, little Nyfy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder?

Nyf. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock

I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?

A miss can you lack

Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

A I R I.

*O what pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!*

Let earth cover her,

We'll dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,

Would little Nyfa pig with me!

How I'd mumble her,

Touze and tumble her,

Would little Nyfa pig wih me.

Nyf.

Nys. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nys. I would not take your bond, fir,——

Mid. Half my estate——

Nys. No, nor the whole——my fond fir.

A I R II.

*Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
Cease your bribes and wheedling:
Till I'm made a bride i' the church
I'll keep man from meddling.*

What are riches

And soft speeches?

Baits and fetches

To bewitch us;

When you've won us,

And undone us,

Cloy'd you shun us,

Frowning on us,

For our heedless piddling.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Midas, then Pan, and Pol listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Pan. So squire, well met——I flew to know your
business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home——we'll there concert it o'er a
flagon.

I'll make him skip——

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

A I R III.

*If into your hen-yard
 The treacherous reynard
 Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,
 With gun you attack him,
 With beagles you track him,
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
 So Pol, who comes picking
 Up my tender chicken,
 No means do I scruple to banish;
 With power I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him,
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Lawn before MIDAS's House.

Enter Nyfa.

*Nyf. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
 Daphne has step'd before me!
 Envy and love devour me.
 Pol, doats upon her phiz hard;
 'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
 Midas appears now twenty times more hideous,
 Ah, Nyfa, what resource?——a cloyster.
 Death alive——yet thither must I run,
 And turn a nun.
 Prodigious!*

A I R IV.

*In these greasy old tatters
 His charms brighter shine;
 Then his guittar he clatters
 With tinkling divine:
 But, my sister,
 Ah! he kifs'd her,
 And me he pass'd by;
 I'm jealous
 Of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.*

S C E N E IV.

MIDAS's Parlour.

Midas, Myfis, and Pan, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast——

Pan. Here goes, our noble Umpire.

Myf. And Pol's defeat——I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the Devil himself;

Pan. Or doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah! Squire——for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right——

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Myf. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here it's price is

At your command, do but this jobb for Myfis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis.*

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card,

Blood, he shall fly his country——that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end th' tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle,

When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,

Then part to our affairs.——

Pan. A match.

Myf. A match.

A I R V.

Mid. *Master Pol*

And his toll de-roll-loil,

I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. *And I'll assist*

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, sir;

Myf. *And I'll have a thump,*

Though he is so plump,

And make such a wounded racket.

Mid. *I'll bluff,*

Pan. *I'll rough,*

Myf. *I'll buff,*

Mid. *I'll cuff,*

Omn. *And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.*

Mid. *For all his cheats,*

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em,

O skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom;

Arraign'd he shall be,

Of treason to me!

Pan. *And I with my davy will back it;*

I'll swear,

Mid. *I'll snare,*

Myf. *I'll tear.*

Omn. *O rare!*

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

S C E N E V.

Enter Sileno and Damætas, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee; the squire's base pandar!
To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam.

- Dam.* Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.
Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
 What knew she of thee but thy coffers?
Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jackanapes,
 By dint of congees and of scrapes——
Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's.—
Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——
Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
 Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

A I R VI.

- If a rival thy character draw,
 In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
 With black he will paint,
 Make a de'il of a saint,
 And change to an owl a maccaw.*
Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
 Who his friend's good advice will despise?
*Who, when danger is nigh,
 Throws his spectacles by,
 And blinks through a green girl's eyes?*
Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
 Your betters you snub
Sil. Who will lend me a club,
 This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,
Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,
Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub.
Dam. Whom the prince of impostures I dub;
Sil. A guinea for a club,
Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,
Sil. This muckworm to drub.
Dam. When you find that your cub
Sil. Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub.
Dam. Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Myfis attended by Daphne and Nyfa.

Myf. Soh!—you attend the tryal—we shall drive hence

Your vagabond——

Sil. I smother your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nyf. *Daph.*——for your sake, my claim I here forego;

And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nyf. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us,

Daph. Mama will storm.

Nyf. What then, she can but whack us.

A I R VII.

Daph. *Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To disserve
From my favour
So sweet a swain!
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.*

Nyf. *Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.*

Daph. *Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;*

Nyf. *Hearts alarming,*

Daph. *Bosoms warming,*

Nyf. *Wrath disarming,*

Daph. *With his soft lay:*

Nyf. *He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,*

Both. *He's so charming, &c.*

- Myf. *Sluts, are you lost to shame?*
 Sil. *Wife, wife, be more tame.*
 Myf. *This is madness!*
 Sil. *Sober sadness!*
 Myf. *I with gladness*
 Cou'd see him swing,
 For his badness.
 Sil. *'Tis no such thing.*
 Dam. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*
 Must I, to him, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?
 Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,*
 Fop outlandish,
 Daph. shall blandish.
 Dam. *Will you reject my income,*
 Herds and clinkum?
 Sil. *Rot and sink 'em.*
 Dam. *Midas must judge.*
 Myf. *And Pol must fly.*
 Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge:*
 Myf. *You lye;*
 Dam. *You lye:*
 Myf. }
 Dam. } *You lye, you lye.*
 Sil. }
 Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains;*
 Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.*
 Nyf. *Pol is young and merry;*
 Daph. *Light and airy,*
 Sil. *As a fairy.*
 Nyf. *Pan is old and musty;*
 Daph. *Stiff and fusty;*
 Sil. *Sour and crusty.*
 Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*
 Nyf. *No, no, no, no.*
 Let Pan fall.
 Daph. *Ay, let him go.*
 Nyf. }
 Daph. } *Ay, let him go.*
 Sil. }

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Midas comes forth enrag'd, attended by a Crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. Peace, ho! is hell broke loose? what means
this jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!

A I R VIII.

*What the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gypsies?
Sirrah you, and hussey you,
And each of you tipsey is:
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.*

C H O R U S.

*O tremendous justice Midas;
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?*

A I R IX.

Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pothier here,
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you another year.
Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide, as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it then—Ye mobbish rabble!—

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pol and Pan severally.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now flint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

A I R

A I R X.

Now I'm seated,
 I'll be treated
 Like the sopher on his throne ;
 In my presence,
 Scoundrel peasants,
 Shall not call their souls their own.
 My behest is,
 He who best is,
 Shall be fix'd musician chief :
 Ne'er the loser,
 Shall spew nose here,
 But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition ?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. ————— I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.

Pol. ————— Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. ————— Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A I R XI.

A pox of your pother about this or that ;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat :
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol ;
So here goes a set to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper ;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol :
Pray what's all this fuss for, but — toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley — a chance medley race ;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chace :
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all ;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long ;
I only meant life is but an old song :
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll ;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator,
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter,
With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*]

A I R XII.

*Ab, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repealing,
At Daphne's feet I lay!*

*But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage;
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.*

Mid. Silence——this just decree, all, at your peril;
Obedient hear——else I shall use you very ill.

T H E D E C R E E.

*Pan shall remain;
Pol quit the plain.*

Chorus. Oh tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthroned
him——

No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him——
[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join
in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.*]

C H O R U S.

*See, triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd twang his faint guitar;
While, with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.*

Mid.

Mid. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Pol. Now, all attend.—[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo.*]*—The wrath of Jove, for rapine,*

Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.

Tremble, thou wretch: thou'lt stretch'd thy utmost tether;

Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R XIII.

*Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass:
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.

Myf. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

A I R XIV.

Apol. *Thou a Billingsgate quean,* [to *Myf.*
Thou a pandar obscene, [to *Dam.*
With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;
Thou, driven from man, [to *Mid.*
Shalt wander with Pan,
He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be thou squire—his estate [to *Sil.*
To thee I translate.
To you his strong chests, wicked mass: { to *Daph.*
Live happy, while I, { and *Nysa.*
Recall'd to the sky,
Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.

Daph.

Daph. { *Together with* } To the bright God of day,
Sil. { *the other nymphs* } Let us dance, sing and play;
Nys. { *and swains.* } Clap hands every lad with
his lass:

Daph. Now critics, lie snug,
Not a hiss, groan, or thrug;
Remember the fate of Midas,
Midas;
Remember the fate of Midas.

C H O R U S.

Now critics, lie snug, &c,

F I N I S.
4 AP 54

